The Myrtle

"INSTEAD OF THE BRIER SHALL COME UP THE MYRTLE TREE." ISA. LV. 13

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Angels in the Flowers.

I've been in the beautiful garden, and see!
Some dear little angels came. talking to me!
They tenderly smiled,
And they said, "Little child,
The angels will whisper a lesson for thee."

Deep down in the lily, as white as the snow,
I heard a sweet angel sing. gently and low;
She lovingly smiled,
And she said, "Little child,
As pure as the lily I hope you will grow."

Then out of the heart of a beautiful rose,
An angel as bright as the sunbeam arose;
She gaily smiled,
As she said, "Little child,
Grow lovely each day as the sweet rosebud grows."

Then up from the moss of a dewy bank near,
An angel's voice whispered. so low and so clear,
So gently she smiled,
As she said, "Little child,
Be lowly and meek as the violet, dear."

Now come to the garden, oh! will you, mamma?
I'll show you just where all the dear angels are;
When they saw me and smiled,
As they said, "Little child,"
They cannot so quickly have flown away far.

I said, "Little one, it may possibly be
The bright things of fancy are real to thee."
But sadly I smiled,
As I said, "Little child,
The pure in heart, only, the angels can see."

—*Little Corporal.*

Two Little Keys.

Hearts, like doors, can ope with ease
To very, very little keys;
And don't forget that two are these:
"I thank you, sir," and "If you please."

For the Myrtle.

Losing the Cars.

HARRY BENSON was a loiterer. Do you know what I mean by that? I mean that he was often tardy at school, That he waited for his mother to speak two or three times to him when she wished him to bring her an armful of wood, or a pail of water, or run of an errand for her in any direction.

Mrs. Benson had often told him that this inclination to delay would bring him into trouble sometime. But Harry did not see it so. He thought it just as well to do a thing out of time as in time, and used to say that he didn't want to always be in a hurry.

But this disposition to delay was what made him always obliged to hurry. He would lounge and dally about when anything was to be done, until there was not time to no it leisurely, and it must be done in great haste if done at all.

The summer that Harry was ten years old his Grandfather Benson same for a visit to his mother. This was a great event to Harry, as he had never seen his grandfather before. His own father died before he was old enough to know anything about him, and Harry was delighted to see this dead father's father, whom he had never seen before.

Mr. Benson stayed two weeks, and would have been very glad to stay longer, but could not conveniently leave his farm work longer than this. He wanted Harry to go home with him when he

went, and stay a month on the farm. As he promised to send him back safely before the Fall term of his school commenced, Mrs. Benson consented to his going.

Of course Harry anticipated great pleasure on this visit. He had never been a journey before, and never been on a farm to stop any length of time.

"O mother," he said, a day or two before Mr. Benson was ready to start for home, "I do wish grandfather would hurry and go, I can't hardly wait, I want so much to be at the farm."

"You must learn patience, my boy," Mrs. Benson replied.

And so Harry tried learning patience for a day or two longer, but he found himself a very slow learner, and often wished the lesson was done.

Harry's clothes were all in order for the journey, and when his grandfather at last announced his intention to leave the next morning, the boy, who had been waiting so long for the opportunity, was delighted.

They were to leave by a morning train, and Harry slept very little the night before, he was so anxious to be up in time. But when the morning really came Harry was sleepy, He had been so restless all night, that at daybreak he was in a sound sleep.

Mrs. Benson came into his room just as the sun was rising, and said:

"Where's the little boy that is going to grandfather's this morning? What! not out of dreamland yet? I am astonished. You will not be ready for breakfast unless you jump up right away."

"It isn't breakfast time yet," said Harry, only half peeping open his eyes, and then shutting them again with a determination to get a little more sleep.

"It will be breakfast time by the time you are up and dressed," said Mrs. Benson.

Harry peeped his eyes open again, and said:

"Why, mother, it's hardly light yet. I know it can't be near breakfast time."

"We are to have breakfast earlier than usual this morning," said Mrs. Benson.

"Well. I'll be ready by the time breakfast is ready," said Harry slowly,

Mrs. Benson went back to her room, and fifteen minutes later when she was on her way down to breakfast, she called again at Harry's door.

"Why my child," said she with a tone of surprise, "are you still asleep? You will not get off this morning unless you get up right away."

"I am coming, mother, soon," said Harry turning over for another nap.

"Why Harry, you must not go to sleep again."

"No, mother, I wont sleep any more."

"Well jump right out of bed. I cannot go down to breakfast until I see you on your feet.

"Don't hurry so, mother. I shall be up very soon."

Mrs. Benson was not to be put off so, for she knew how almost sure Harry was to go to sleep again if he was left to himself. So she took him up in her arms and set him on his feet on the floor.

Harry did not creep back into bed again as he was inclined to do, for he was wide enough awake now to think that it was the morning on which he was to make his journey, and this thought kept him up, though he was very, very sleepy.

He dressed himself slowly, for his fingers were clumsy he wanted so very much to sleep But at last he was ready and descended to the dining-room.

The family were nearly done eating when he came into the dining-room. This did not please Harry very much. He was like many another little boy who would like to be waited for when he is late, and feels disappointed and vexed when he finds that the world and the people in it go right on just the same whether they are ready or not.

Well, this vexed feeling and the excitement of getting away, took Harry's appetite quite away. He ate only a few mouthfuls and then he said he was done.

Mrs. Benson was surprised by this, as Harry usually had a very good appetite, and she said:

"Why, my boy, if you cannot eat you must be sick. I am afraid you are not able to start on your journey this morning."

"Oh yes, I am able to go, mother. There is nothing the matter with me."

"Well, then, hurry and get yourself ready, for grandfather is almost ready to start."

"Oh you are always hurrying me, mother. There must be plenty of time."

No, I never hurry you, Harry, unless I think there is necessity for your making haste."

"Well, I will be ready in a very few minutes."

Harry went into the kitchen as he was saying this, and stood talking with Judy, the kitchen girl, for a few moments. Then his kitten Tiny came running into the room, and Harry stopped

to get a string and play with her. Mrs. Benson came in and said:

"Why Harry, you really *must* hurry or your grandfather will go and leave you this morning. It is nearly time for you to start for the depot, and here you are playing with your kitten, instead of getting ready."

"Why, I shall be ready, mother. I have nothing to do but black my shoes, and then I shall be ready to start."

"'*Nothing but.*' That is always your way, Harry. You have nothing to do *but*, and the *but* delays you until you are belated."

"I wont be belated this time, mother. You'll see. I shall be ready in a few moments."

Harry set about blacking his shoes now. But the kitten came and tried to play with the shoestrings, and he stopped his work again to play with her.

A few moments after, Grandfather Benson passed through the room, and said:

"I shall be ready to start now in a very few moments. Are you ready, little boy?"

"No sir. I am not quite ready, but I will be soon." said Harry.

"You have no time to lose. The cars will not wait for us, and we must be ready and away when the moment comes."

"Yes sir," Harry replied, but his old habit of delaying came back again, and in a moment after his grandfather's back was turned, he was playing with the kitten again.

A few moments later Grandfather Benson came to the kitchen door again and said:

"I am quite ready now, and we have just time to get to the depot."

"Oh wait a minute and I will be ready."

"No, I cannot wait. I will go, and you can run on after me."

Harry began now in earnest to cry, and try to get ready. Mrs. Benson came and helped him. The shoes were hurried on to his feet half blacked, his hair had a hasty brushing, and almost without time to say good-by to the family, he ran away toward the depot. But alas he was too late. Scarcely half way there he heard the engine whistle, and no running could help him then. The cars, grandfather and all, were out of sight before he reached the depot. No tears would bring them back. Harry had lost his journey, but he lost also with this experience his habit of loitering, and the gain was more to him than many journeys. *Mrs. E. M. Bruce.*

A Horse's Sympathy.

My father had a fine cream-colored horse I was always fond of petting when a child. I often gathered an apronful of clover and brought it to his stable, feeding it to him by handfuls. He always greatly enjoyed the treat, and looked around for it, whenever I came trudging about in search of eggs.

One day I was crying about some childhood grief, and came into old Bucy's stable, and walked up by his head to pat his neck as was my custom. That noble old fellow bent down his high head and laid it against my shoulder, keeping it there until I moved away. I have never forgotten that act of genuine sympathy, nor the almost human look of affection that accompanied it. He was a fiery fellow, too, needed a steady hand to hold him when in harness, and would not bear even the shadow of a whip in his sight.

If you wish to store up pleasant memories for your later years, boys and girls, be kind to the dumb friends about your childhood's home.

SPEAK kindly in the morning; it lightens the cares of the day, and makes household and all affairs move along more smoothly. Speak kindly at night, for it may be that before the dawn some loved one may finish his or her span of life for this world, and it will be too late to ask forgiveness.

For the Myrtle.

The Children's Vacation.

We love to visit grandma's home,
Among the trees and flowers;
And we're so glad vacation's come,
With all its quiet hours.

How very soft the breezes blow,
The grass is sweet and cool,
And everything delights me so,
With joy my heart is full.

The pinks are very fair indeed,
The poppies bright and gay,
The roses bloom and blush and fade;
They soon will pass away.

The perfume of the mignonette,
With pinks and roses fair,
Comes mingled with the smell of hay,
Upon the balmy air.

We love beneath the old oak tree
To lie upon the grass,
And view the waters of the stream,
And wild-birds as they pass.

The twittering of the birds above,
  The droning of the bee;
And murmuring of the little brook,
  Make sweetest harmony.

Grandma is wrinkled, old and gray,
  But likes to have us come;
She says she soon shall pass away,
  Unto her heavenly home.

We do not like to think of death;
  This world is bright and fair;
But then if all we loved were gone,
  We should be happier there.

And God who cares for all his works,
  The trees and grass and flowers,
Will guard us at the close of day,
  As in our morning hours.

A. S. T.

For the Myrtle.

The Runaway.

ONE morning mamma and I hearing a very feeble knock at the street door, looked out at the dining-room window, and saw that the knock had been given by a boy who looked very distressed, and whose clothing was torn and dirty. He seemed very weak, for after knocking he had sat down on one of the stone steps to wait. We instantly went to the door and asked him what he wanted, and he got up and said,

"Please ma'am, I've knocked at every house and no one has given me anything, and I thought I wouldn't knock at any more, but something seemed to tell me to knock here, and O ma'am, I'm so hungry, and all of a tremble," and saying so he turned white and staggered back as though about to faint.

"FORGET ME NOT."

Mamma quickly brought him into the hall, and set him in one of the hall chairs, while she directed me to go into the kitchen and tell Emily to bring up some bread and butter, and a cup of coffee if any had been left over from breakfast, or if there were none left, to make some fresh. But there was some nice hot coffee still in the pot, and I remember bringing up myself a cupful, with some thick slices of bread and butter on a tray, and placing it on the hall table in front of the boy, who was so famished that he could hardly wait an instant. It was quite a sight to see him devouring his food, but after awhile he ceased to eat, and began to cry very piteously.

Then I went to his side, and placing my hand on his shoulder, begged him to cry no more, as I was quite sure that my mamma would never let him be hungry again if he would be a good boy. Then mamma made some inquiries of him, and he told her that all he had had to eat for very many days was what he could buy with a penny now and then, from gentlemen whose horses he had held; that he had slept amongst vegetable baskets in Covent Garden market, under arches, and wherever else he could without the policemen seeing him, and that he had nothing to make himself clean and tidy with; that some boys had wanted him to go with them and learn to steal, but that he would not do, for he had never taken anything that didn't belong to him, in all his life, and he never meant to.

"I hope that you tell me the truth about your honesty," said mamma. "I should like to do something for you, but if you were not trustworthy how could I recommend you to the employ of any of my friends, or have you about my house? And then, too, I don't know who you are, or who you belong to, or where you came from."

"I was with my uncle, ma'am, and I ran away to go to sea, but no one would take me."

"Are you telling me the truth?" asked mamma, fixing a keen look on him beneath which he seemed rather confused. "What is your uncle's name? and where does he live?"

These questions were answered with much reluctance, and then mamma said:

"I don't know whether you are truthful or not, but I cannot allow you to return to the streets again, with the chance of starving, or

becoming a thief. So I mean to help you to help yourself. Now remember, that from this moment your future is greatly in your own hands, you will have a chance to be honest, truthful, industrious and well behaved. For awhile you can make yourself useful about the house cleaning knives and boots, and going on errands, until Mr. Fletcher and I can think of something else for you. Meanwhile, as I cannot have any one about me who is not clean, I shall give you a comb, a piece of soap, and a towel, and some money for you to go to a bath-house. I have a package of clothes that a friend of mine gave me for whosoever might need it, and I think they will very nearly fit you, so you can have them, and you might sell the clothes you have on now, for rags. Then come back for your dinner, and this evening I will give you some money to provide yourself with a respectable lodging for the night, and I hope that you will prove worthy of the trust reposed in you."

"Oh! thank you, ma'am," said the boy, whose eyes had brightened, and whose cheeks had recovered some color. "I am sure there is nothing I would not do to please you."

I do not think that Emily was at first quite pleased at the idea of having a strange boy in her kitchen, but afterwards she became reconciled to it, from having arrived at the perfectly unauthorized conclusion that Frederick would be put into a page's suit with rows of brass buttons, and that despite his very noticeable and seemingly chronic habit of sniffing, he would be taught waiting at table, and would carry up letters, and save her time and trouble in many ways. When Frederick returned, though he looked clean and neat, I could not help smiling to myself on seeing him dressed in the suit which I remembered to have been worn by Paul Pilotti, who was a very handsome and aristocratic looking youth, and I fancied that if those clothes could be endowed with ideas and language they would exclaim, "Have we come to *this?*"

When my papa came home, and the affair was talked over, a way was arranged of trying Frederick's honesty. Papa wrote a letter to a friend, (to be taken by Frederick) enclosing money, explaining why he sent it, and requesting a reply, to be brought back by the boy, stating at what hour the letter had been delivered. That afternoon Frederick was sent with the letter, after having been told not to loiter as it was an important one. And we were very glad when after a reasonable time he came back with a note from papa's friend, returning the money, and mentioning the hour at which the boy had made his appearance. Frederick then had not opened the letter and gone off with the money, and he had not loitered on the way, so we had some proofs in his favor!

Papa and mamma decided that if Frederick could be a shoe-black at some large manufactory or warehouse, he might earn his own livelihood. So another friend of papa's, who had a large manufactory, was written to for permission to install the boy as shoe-black near one of his doorways, and the reply being satisfactory, papa at once set to work and made a piece of wood into the shape of the sole of a boot, and fastened it on to a box with compartments for blacking bottle and brushes, and added a strap to carry it by.

But meanwhile mamma had written to Frederick's uncle, who lived in the country, and in another day or two an answer came to the effect that Frederick had a father, mother, and sister, with whom he had always lived, and that his running away from them had caused them much grief and trouble.

Mamma then made an appointment for the parents to come and meet their son at our house the next evening. Frederick was away when they and his sister arrived, and Emily was told that when he came in she must keep him in the kitchen until mamma rang, when he was to answer the bell.

A long conversation was held with the parents, and with the sister, who wore a very showy bonnet, and had a somewhat defiant air, and through whom the quarrel had arisen that had led to Frederick's leaving his home. She was willing, and his mother was anxious, for a reconciliation, but the father seemed to think that some punishment would be advisable, until my papa reasoned with him, telling him that the boy had already suffered enough through his fault, and should now be influenced in a spirit of kindness and forgiveness, and that he would not sanction or tolerate any display of severity. Mamma, too, spoke to the sister until she made her shed tears.

By and-by the area bell was rung, and we heard Emily going to the street door and then descending the kitchen stairs again with Frederick, and soon afterwards mamma rang for him. When he first came in he only looked at mamma

and stood respectfully waiting for orders, until his parents and his sister rose from their chairs, and he seeing them, started violently, turned pale, and burst into tears. His mother and sister then clasped him in their arms, and the father had to brush away the blinding tears. Indeed we were all more or less in tears with the agitation of the scene. Frederick, reassured by my papa's words of encouragement, came forward to shake hands with his father, who consented to overlook his fault on condition of his sincere repentance. The sister had procured a cap and jacket for his wear during the journey home, but they all seemed very much pleased when they saw that he was already supplied with good respectable clothing, and after receiving a great deal of good advice, with our best wishes for his welfare, Frederick, thanking us and shaking hands with us all, including Emily, departed with his parents and his sister, who seemed too much overcome at having him with them again to be able to say much.

It may have been about a year after, that Frederick, who with the consent of his parents was going to sea, having to join his ship in London, came to bid us farewell, and thank my parents for what they had done for him. I fancy that Frederick must have been of a romantic turn and that he had read about "Dick Whittington" going to seek his fortune and coming back to marry his master's daughter, for when in obedience to mamma's request I was letting him out of the house, he looked back very earnestly at me, and then, to my speechless confusion, whispered that he never had forgotten me, that he never should forget me, and that it was for my sake that he was going to seek his fortune! Oh! how quickly I closed the door on him, and then ran in half laughing and half crying to tell mamma.

A day or two afterwards he wrote to say that his ship had set sail, and to repeat his thanks. On the paper wafer of the envelope was the motto "Forget me not," and that was the last we ever heard of him. But the shoe-black box that he had never used, remained, and often served to remind us of "Frederick, the runaway," and make us wonder what had become of him.

Clelia Lega Weeks.

MEN will never know us by our faith, for that is within us; they know us by their works, which are visible to them.

Our Sunday Schools.

We were going to say "Children's Sunday in the West," but here is a long list of the celebrations of the day in

NEW YORK.

—At Attica a sermon was preached for the day and three members of the Sunday School baptized. The church was adorned with flowers.

—At All-Soul's church, Brooklyn, the day was happily recognized. The altar was finely decorated, and opposite was festooned across the gallery in flowers, the motto "Suffer little children to come unto me" Thirty children, mostly babes were christened, the pastor giving each a flower to be kept by the parents as a memorial of the service.

—At Canton the church was beautifully adorned and seven little ones consecrated. Concert by the Sunday School in the evening.

—At Leroy, twenty-six children, from infants to youths of fourteen were consecrated. The pastor gave a tender and beautiful address and all the services fitted the occasion.

—At Lockport the church was decorated with rare beauty and artistic skill. The usual service was varied by the Sundy School ritual, recitations and music. Nine children were baptized, and the pastor's remarks were on the theme of "the dedication of children."

—At Cuba the church was adorned with more care than ever, even the windows filled with hanging-baskets and the lamps serving as brackets for flowers, and trailing vines. In addition to the baptismal rites, the whole service was for and by the children.

—At Greenwood the service was also largely by the children. On the walls were displayed mottoes from the words of Jesus.

—At Middleville the church was tastefully adorned, and the entire school present to take part in the services. Nine children were baptized.

WISCONSIN.

—At Fond-du-lac Rose Sunday was a rare occasion. In every part of the church were festoons, bouquets, stars and crosses of flowers. The arch of the recess in the rear of the pulpit bore the motto in evegreen letters, "Suffer the children to come unto me," while the altar and choir were almost concealed by most beautiful floral offerings of every design. A sermon was preached to the children by Dr. Barry upon the subject of "Christ and little children," after which seventeen received the rite of baptism. In the evening a concert was given by the Sabbath School.

—The fifth annual observance at Whitewater, was on Sunday, June 21st. One of the finest floral decorations ever witnessed in town graced the occasion. Singing and ritual exercises by the Sunday School. Sermon to the children by the pastor, Rev. J. Fisher, after which several young persons received baptism and united with the church.

KANSAS.

—The church at Seneca was finely decorated and flowers in profusion abounded and the room was densely crowded with an appreciative audience. The services were presided over by the assistant Superintendent, Mrs. R. M, Bartlett, who is one of the best Sunday School workers in the West.

ILLINOIS.

—A long description comes to us of Children's Sunday in Peoria. Space forbids that we should tell in full of the fountain, towering crosses, wreaths, stars, mottoes in flowers, pendant baskets and bouquets, and cages of singing birds which made the whole church a bower of beauty. Music and recitations by the Sunday School formed a part of the service. Ten children and one adult were baptized by the former pastor, Rev. R. H. Pullman.

Stilling the Tempest.

MARK iv. 35–41.

The place where Jesus and his disciples walked through the cornfield, was probably near Capernaum, where Jesus often taught in the synagogue. This place was about thirty miles from Nazareth, his early home, and there he lived during the greater part of his ministry.

But his teaching was not confined to the synagogue, or the Sabbath day. Through all the week, he "went about doing good," — healing the sick, comforting the sad, and teaching all by his gracious words and example.

And the people went to him, as well as he to them. They followed him from place to place, and great throngs gathered in out-door places, to hear his teachings.

Capernaum was built upon the shore of the lake of Galilee, or as it was sometimes called Lake Genessaret. The lake was noted for its fishing, and was covered at all times with boats. Jesus was often by the shore, or upon the lake, and it was here that he found the four fishermen who became his disciples, Peter and Andrew, James and John. He often walked by the shore with these disciples, and here the multitudes gathered that they might listen to his words. Sometimes the throng was so great that he went out a little way from shore in some sheltered cove almost surrounded by the land, and preached from the boat, while the people surrounded him on all sides on the shore. There we may imagine his voice mingling with the low sound of winds and waters, as he talked to them of the beautiful teaching of Nature.

After such days it was no wonder that he was weary at night-fall and longed to escape from the multitude to rest and pray. "He was touched with our infirmities," he knew weariness and pain, like all human beings. In order to help others he had continually to be helped and strengthened himself. "The Father, which is in me, he doeth the works," he said. And it is not strange that we should read that sometimes he spent all night in prayer to God.

After such a day, when he was in a ship with his disciples at even, he begged them to row him away from the multitude, to the other side of the lake. And as they went he, overcome with weariness, lay in the stern of the boat and slept.

And while he slept there arose one of those fierce and sudden storms so common on that lake. The wind raged, the waves tossed the boat fearfully, and the darkness every moment increased. It seemed as if the boat would be overwhelmed in the wild waves, and all lost. Still Jesus slept, until daring to wait no longer they went to him, crying out like children in their terror, "Master, carest thou not that we perish!"

Then Jesus rose, and looked across the seething waters. He spoke, and "rebuked the winds"; he said to the waves, "Peace, be still. And immediately there was a great calm."

Then said the awestruck disciples, "What manner of man is this, that even the winds and the sea obey him?"

But he rebuked not only the wind and the sea; he turned and rebuked the disciples also. "Why are ye so fearful?" he said. "How is it that ye have no faith?"

Did he mean to say that there was no danger? that they ought not to have felt that they might be drowned, and to have done all they could to save themselves? No, it seems to us that he meant that even if they *did* drown, there was nothing to be afraid of. They could not "perish" even if they drowned, for God was with them in death as in life. If they had thought of God, and had faith in him, they would have had no fear, even if the worst had happened.

Those who love Jesus and try to be his disciples often think of this scene on the lake of Genessaret. For life is a sea that has many a storm. Disappointments darken around us, troubles roll like dark billows, we are tossed by trials and temptations. If we forget that "Our Father is at the helm," if we forget that God rules all things, and is always with us, we may indeed tremble with fear and dread. But the strong faith in God that Jesus taught can always say to he heart, "Peace, be still." If it is best for the storm to cease God will make it cease. And even if the worst should come we can but die, and beyond death there is still God and heaven. We cannot fall out of the arms of His love: why then should we ever be afraid?

"Peace I leave with you," said Jesus, "my peace I give unto you. Let not your heart be troubled, neither let it be afraid."

Enigma.

I am composed of sixty letters.

My 14, 8, 45, 19, 26, 4, the isle on which St. John was banished.

My 1, 3, 11, 46, 41. 47, 29, 15, 19, the place where Christ was born.

My 19, 50, 53. 50, 16, 19, the sister of Moses.

My 48, 12. 9, 50, 32, 28, 50, 34, 55, 4, the followers of Christ,

My 20, 55, 45, 50, 59, 39, 33, is where they were first called by this name.

My 46, 43, 23, 56, 60, the name of a wicked king.

My 17, 59, 25, 57, 22, 13, a product of West India

My 8, 2, 35, 18, 31, a narrow street.

My 20, 7, 52, 6, 27, a poisonous reptile.

My 26, 19, 38, 58, 16, the end.

My whole is one of the beatitudes.

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